



Published by the Free Press Publishing Company, 12 to 14 PARK ROW.
New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1900.

VOL. 40 NO. 14,193

LONG'S DAILY CARTOON.



A little change of "SILVER."

A MATTER OF FIRST NEWS.

THE EVENING WORLD gave yesterday from its own correspondent in China the first positive and detailed news of the relief of Admiral Seymour.

The story was sent to the State Department, which returned cordial thanks.

It was by no means a new experience for the authorities at Washington to receive enlightenment from The Evening World on points concerning which official advice were obscure.

The alert newspaper man has the advantage of being free from red tape. His sole instructions are to get the news. And when he is out for this paper he does that.

THE CITY PRISON DELAY.

THREE years ago contracts were let for the building of the new City Prison in Centre street. A correspondent is justly moved to inquire why the structure is still so far from a state of completion.

There are many possibilities involved in this matter.

Perhaps the builders have scented the millennium, when no jails will be needed, and are saving work accordingly.

Perhaps there is no hurry about finishing the prison till some Ice Trust promoters are ready to go into it.

Perhaps Horgan & Slattery, Tammany architects, etc., can tell a different tale.

But, anyway, the prison ought to be done. The correspondent is right about that.

THE LAYING DOWN OF RAILS.

DURING the past twelve months something like 6,000 miles of railroad have been built in the United States as a whole.

During the same period of time about three-quarters of a mile of double-track has persistently avoided completion in Forty-second street, Manhattan.

It is time to fix a limit within which the trolley company must make good on its tracks or put the street back.

LOVE, AGE AND MARRIAGE.

IT has been a matter of note in literary circles that the recent tendency in the higher class of novels has been to add age to the heroes and heroines of the love episodes.

Recently published statistics show that something of the same sort has been going on in real life.

Men and women figuring in the marriages of 1900 averaged .65 of a year older than those of 1897. And going back further, the difference is seen to have been part of a steady growth.

In 1874 there were 54 bridegrooms out of 1,000 and 50 brides out of 1,000 below the age of twenty. In 1890 these numbers had shrunk to 51 and 47, respectively.

It would be an interesting subject of speculative inquiry whether the novels have had an influence on this direction, or if the story-writers have merely reflected a tendency which they discovered through their studies of men and women. Then, if evidence seems to favor the latter conclusion, what of the causes for the manifestation?

Is marriage considered a graver problem than ever before? Do men and women prepare themselves more deliberately and prudently for its responsibilities? Has romance come to the point of being shoddy with cold reason? Let the social scientists tell us these things.

When a Pennsylvania man has been choked to death by a horse from the mouth of a next-door neighbor, the courts are entitled to more distinction than that of merely sending the outside's friend.

The Supreme Court decision that Indiana natural gas cannot be pumped out of the State is not expected to shut the Houston stump-speakers off from pandering the nation at large.

An interesting item announces that the State of Louisiana, in Russia, is run entirely by women. Presumably the men are too busy to produce it.

Some which departs to-day will be warmly welcomed so long as there is a living interest in records.

Coler's accusers make their attack dangerous for its display of verbal footwork.

The anti-dwelling law may get us out of the anti-dwelling law.

TALMAGE'S SERMON TO-DAY IS ABOUT THE HORSE.

"That Beautiful Servant of the Human Race."

JOB XXIX, 10, 11: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets: Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put

that it would be only fair that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor, miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and frozen and heated and overdriven into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveller on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal optics.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instru-

ment of atonement? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest race than there is harm in an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best-behaved youngster.

Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called a prize.

But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent; and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men

as it will be denounced of God. If you have won 50 cents or \$5,000 as a wager you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or



WHERE THE SIN BEGINS.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit or sagacity or intelligence or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale.

The contrast of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast.

In the parable of Heaven the Bible makes us hear the clashing of hoofs on the golden pavement, as it says: "The armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged and bruised and beaten and outraged on earth, would have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative but somewhat literal.

I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who out and brute and whack and beat and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, it seems to me

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"THIS SPLENDID CREATURE OF GOD"

It blasts his children. Generally both and all. I preach this sermon on square, old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse; I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution.

Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has if he have any speed in him, but be careful which way you drive.

Many years ago we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. The man span that I speak of was long ago unhitched and the driver put up his whip in the wagon-house, never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse and love a horse and be proud of a horse and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

"GEORGIE'S" PA ON THE BOXERS.

"M. Y. oh, my," maw told us after she took off her glasses and got to breathe on them and rub-ben them with her Hankerchief last nite. "It does beat all how people go on Piten and killing one Another. What's all this Trouble about in China, paw?"

Paw was busy lighting his cigar, so Little Albert says:

"Maw."

"What is it, Darling?" maw ask him.

"Is your site getting weaker than it yooest to be?" Little Albert told her.

"No," maw say, "why?"

"Beccose you ne We had anyone for Dinner and I

"He one won't Get more men or Ships in than Enny of the Others," paw Says. "It's a nawdle Doltlike Job. You see meebey They are a mishaen Nerrey and his Family getting killed up in Chow-Chow or Sham-Hang and Rusehyas wants to rush to his rescue. But that's where Germany and Ingstung and Frants come along and say:

"Hold on there. It's the duty of the Christian nations to not let Ennybody get in Here where they mite have a chance to rob the Heathen of his Burthrite that he never new He had by takin' his Land away from him."

"Well," the Rusehyas would say, "they are a Christian mishaenry up the creek holding for help.



PAW NEERLY CHOKED TO DEATH.

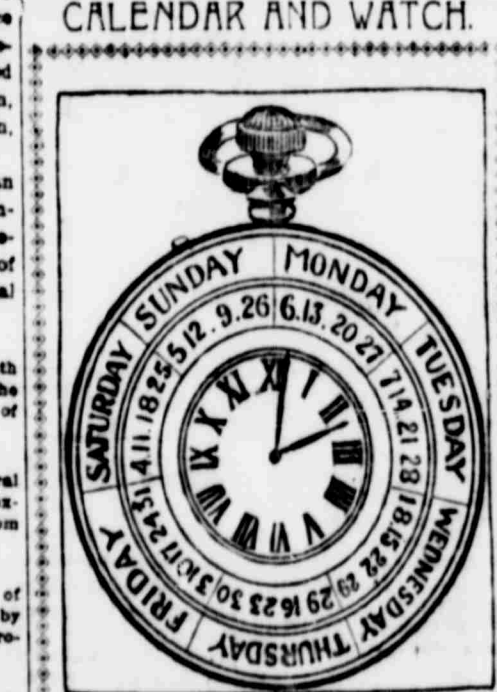
that meebey you might be breathin' on The glasses to Make them stronger."

Paw had to Laff so hard he swallowed a Mouth full of smoke and neerly choked to Death, but after he got so he could talk again and had the tiers wiped Out of his eyes, he says:

"You see, it's all on account Of the Boxers. If it wouldn't be for them the Grate powers wouldn't have Enny excuse to Go over with Their war hoves and murrens and Keep watching one Another while the Chinamen are killing mishaen nerreys and Forren countrie."

"What do They haft to watch one another for?" maw ask.

CALENDAR AND WATCH.



A calendar watch within reach of an ordinary man's bank book is the latest French device. Most calendar watches are very expensive. This is not. The dial's centre contains the usual hands and figures, an outer ring has the month's days, and the third or outermost ring the days of the week. By a simple mechanism the calendar is kept accurate.

and it's the Duty of the united nations of the Earth to save him and his family from a Horrible fate."

"But the other enlightened nations of the Earth are afraid the Rusehyas mite stake off some Land they want themselves, so they ask How menny men They have, and the Rusehyas say six Thousand. That's too menny. They mite go in and Take seven or Ate counties after they got the mishaenry saved, so the other enlightened nations tell the Rusehyas if they want to Send three Hundred and afty seven men to Save the Christians that are going to get Beheaded by Three millyun Chinamen, all rite. But they can't have any more till the Heat Get hot as menny and Find out what ports They want."

"But sposen that wouldn't be snuff to save the mishaen nerreys and their Families," maw says.

"Well," paw Told her, "that would be Tuff Luck on the mishaen nerreys. That's one thing a mishaen nerrey always ot to Think about Before he goes away to Save heathen soles. If I would be Going in the mishaen nerrey business I would always Pick out some place where the Enlightened nations of the Earth couldn't come around and Get the solesless Heathen to kill me and my Family as they would have a nexouse to Grab a seaport or some a Couple of townships."

GEORGE, in Chicago Times-Herald.

TO PHYLLIS.

WHEN clad in silk my Phyllis goes,
As sweet as any summer rose,
I think I love her silken clothes.
Then, when she wears her brown cashmere,
Nothing seems to me so dear.
I've quite forgot the silk, I fear,
And when I see her blue brocade
I dare not look; I'm half afraid
To see her go so sweet arrayed.
But when she wears her muslin white,
She is a dainty, heavenly sight.
I like the muslin best at night.
No matter how my Phyllis fares,
No matter what my Phyllis wears,
No one with Phyllis quite compares.
—Harvard Lampoon.

FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD.

THE popular notion that "fish is a brain food" is a mistake, for eminent physiologists tell us that fish is no more than any other nutritious food.

It contributes to brain growth and development. All nutritious foods, such as fish, meat, eggs and so on, repair the waste tissues of the body, but fish is of no more importance than the others.

MY FAITH-CURE DOCTOR.

(A Song.)

I've taken every medicine ever yet was made,
And sunbath I have taken that laid me in the shade.
I've had the yellow fever till I was doubly blue
And fallen all to pieces and all together, too.

(Chorus.)

At last I've found a doctor who makes me love my ills;
She doesn't give me strychnine nor any kind of pills—
A little faith-cure doctor, and I believe in her,
And when my wrist she fingers, O how my pulses stir!

Off down with the ague I have been and shaken up,
And in my sober moments I've taken to the cup.
I've had the chills and fever till a "cake" 's in my side—
I lived a year in Arkansas when I ought to've died!

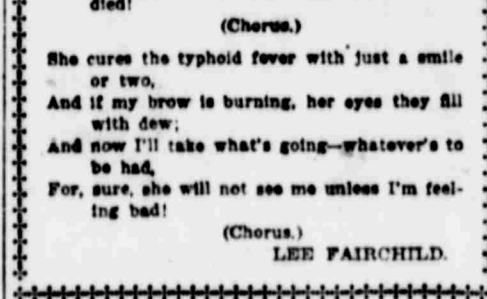
(Chorus.)

She cures the typhoid fever with just a smile or two,
And if my brow is burning, her eyes they fill with dew;
And now I'll take what's going—whatever's to be had,
For, sure, she will not see me unless I'm feeling bad!

(Chorus.)

LEE FAIRCHILD.

CONAN DOYLE IN KHAKI.



DR. CONAN DOYLE.

Principal Medical Officer of Langman's Hospital.

(From a Photograph by F. J. Maw.)

This is a picture of the author of "Sherlock Holmes" in his military uniform. He is principal medical officer of one of the English hospitals in South Africa.

THE ART OF BREATHING.

BREATHING is an art. We ought to take in fourteen pints of air per minute. At the usual rate of breathing we do so. But if we get into a rarefied atmosphere we take in, at the usual rate of breathing, less than the fourteen pints. Sedentary people can get all the advantages of health of a long walk or other exercise by simply increasing the rate of breathing during one or two hours a day, thus adding to the amount of oxygen that enters the lungs.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE DAY.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.



Customer—Wow! Didn't you clip off a piece of my ear that time?
Barber—Yessah; but only a little piece, sah; not 'nuff to 'fect yoh hearin', sah.

ALONG THE ROAD.

To make life easy to the end
A man should have, I say,
Some cash to spend and some to lend,
And some to tuck away.

AN ECHO OF THE CENSUS.



Census Man—What is your descent?
Casey (who fell the day before)—Tin stories, Oh Dave.

A VALUABLE RELIC.

"What is a relic, pa?"
"A relic is a china dish your mother has had saved to her through the devastating dynasties of seven or eight cooks."

INSINUATING.



Cholly—They are going to put a heavy tax on imitations of food, Miss Wose.

Miss Wose—What a pity they don't put a heavy tax on imitations of men.

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

Unmannerly Guests.
I know a young lady who has a young man and a lady call on her quite often. The other evening when they came they did not remain in the room with the rest of the folks, but went in the next room by themselves and wrote a letter until it was time for them to go home. Is that etiquette? HOSTESS.

Certainly the young people's behavior was not "etiquette" as you call it, but on the contrary I should say an unparagonably rude performance.

Some Questions on Dress.

Is it considered good form to wear a colored shirt with a frock coat? Is it in good taste to wear a white vest over a colored shirt? Do people in good society polish their finger-nails until they shine like polished ivory?

Men who are authority on dress declare that it is not good form to wear a colored shirt with a frock coat. White waistcoats are worn with colored shirts, but not with frock coats. People in good society may polish their finger-nails until they shine like ivory. I have not exact data concerning each one of them on this point, but if they do they should not, as highly polished finger-nails are not in good taste.

Let Him Walk on the Outside.

A gentleman and his lady friend are waiting on the street. A friend of this lady (the friend being also a lady) joins them and steps between them. Would it be proper for the young man to step on the inside, or should he always be on the outside, even if he has to be away from the side of his lady friend?

White Plains, N. Y. HARRY E. MATTHEW.

It is better form for the gentleman to walk upon the outside.

They Quarrelled. He Wants Presents Back.

At Christmas a gentleman gave me a Christmas present, and I also gave him one. About two weeks ago we had a quarrel and he returned the present I gave him. I had no intention of returning his, but he has written for it. Is it proper for me to return it?

L. H. M.

You should have returned the gift you accepted from the gentleman immediately after he showed his disposition in the matter by sending back your gift. It is in extremely bad taste for him to ask for the Christmas present he gave you, but in the circumstances there is nothing for you to do but to accede to his demand.

SUCH IS ART.



"Observe, my dear, that superb work up near the ceiling. I can't distinguish from here whether it is intended for a sunset in the desert or a ship on fire, but either way the effect is equally startling."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Clementine, that man likes me a good deal, or else he doesn't like me at all."

"How do you know, Josephine?"

"Why, I never can make him mad."

SAFE.



Baby Fish—Oh, ma, there is a dude above and I am afraid he will try to catch us for his supper.

Mother Fish—Fear not, children. There is no reason why he should eat us; we are brain food.

BEYOND HER COMPREHENSION.

"Joshua," said Mrs. Chugwater, who was looking at the headlines in the morning paper. "What is this Chinese problem they are all talking about?"

"You wouldn't be able to understand it if I should show it to you," replied Mr. Chugwater. "It's written in too-ohst characters, and lots of the Chinese themselves can't work it."

AGGRAVATINGLY PEACEFUL.



George (on the warpath)—Say, Eddie, did Harry hit you?

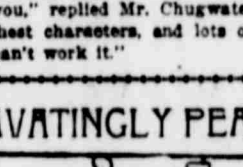
Eddie—No.

George—Did Jimmy hit you?

Eddie—Nope.

George—Well, if nobody hasn't hit you, I will. I've got to lick some one.

EXTREMELY PRETTY.



An odd but extremely pretty gown is one of black silk tulle, made with a yoke of Oriental embroidery, and bands of white lace interposed with blue glass.

A touch of black chiffon and flowers completes the costume.